

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 491

Chapter 491

Norah didn't say a word, but she gave Baimo a knowing smile.

Despite continuing their journey, Baimo and the clown remained on high alert after the earlier ambush. Even Norah couldn't shake the tension lingering in her mind.

Unbeknownst to them, a secret team was following from a distance, ensuring their safe return to the Yi tribe.

When news of Norah's arrival reached Pharaoh, he meticulously prepared a large and luxurious room for her. But the moment she stepped inside, she turned around and walked right out.

"Give me a regular room."

She hadn't seen Pharaoh yet, but she knew this was his doing. He was trying to make amends, but how could a lavish room erase everything that had happened? Stepping foot in this place brought back a flood of painful memories—the near-death experiences, the experiments, the cruelty of the Yi people.

And worst of all, Kevin's poisoning.

Kevin's death.

She knew that Pharaoh, her biological father, had always been at odds with Kevin. Over the past five years, she had quietly investigated, trying to uncover whether Pharaoh had played a role in Kevin's death.

"Fine. You'll stay in a regular room." Norah's unwavering stance made Baimo accept her decision without argument.

Soon, she was moved to another room.

Baimo had other matters to attend to, and the clown, after delivering some essentials, quickly excused himself.

Now, it was just Norah and Cooper.

Despite the change in environment, Cooper remained quiet and obedient, sticking close to her. His ability to adapt was impressive.

“Get out!”

Just as Norah was about to speak to Cooper, an arrogant female voice rang out, growing louder as it approached.

Norah turned and saw a young woman from the Yi tribe, around twenty years old, standing before her with a domineering posture.

Norah’s expression remained neutral.

“This is—”

Before she could explain, the woman cut her off with a sneer. “Do I have to throw you out myself?”

Norah didn’t move. The woman’s fury escalated.

She had been eyeing this room for herself, and now some outsider had claimed it?

And worse—it was a woman brought in by Baimo.

For five years, Young Master Baimo had kept his distance from all women. Yet now, he had returned with a woman and a child? The only explanation was that Norah had used underhanded means to get close to him.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

No, she had to teach Norah a lesson. She had to make sure this outsider knew her place and left on her own.

But Norah had been through too much to be intimidated. She had learned long ago not to let others walk all over her.

A faint, icy smile curled on her lips. “Go ahead. Show me how you plan to throw me out.”

The woman took that as a challenge. Without hesitation, she lunged at Norah.

But before she could even lay a hand on her, Norah acted first—grabbing the woman’s wrist and twisting it effortlessly. With a swift motion, she pushed her backward.

The woman stumbled and fell to the ground.

Shocked, she glared up at Norah. She hadn’t expected her to be this strong.

But she wasn’t giving up that easily.

“You don’t belong here,” she spat, picking herself up. “Don’t think that just because you’ve latched onto Young Master Baimo, you’ll be accepted. The Yi tribe already has a rightful leader. Young Master Baimo and Pharaoh will hand everything over to Miss Julie. You and your bastard child need to leave before you embarrass yourselves.”

The woman’s fury burned in her eyes. If looks could kill, Norah would have been dead on the spot.

As she spoke, she attempted another attack. But Norah wasn’t the same woman she had been five years ago.

With just a few swift movements, Norah had her pinned to the ground.

Before she could say another word, the clown arrived, carrying a bundle of clothes. “Miss, these are from the young master.”

The woman’s face twisted in shock. “You—you’re Miss Julie?”

She had thought Norah was just another scheming woman trying to climb her way up. But Miss Julie? Wasn’t she supposed to be unmarried?

Then who was this child?

The clown scoffed. “You really are blind. Now get out.”

At that moment, Norah let go of the woman. Immediately, she dropped to her knees with a loud *thud*.

“Miss, I’m sorry! I didn’t know who you were. I apologize! Please, if you want to punish me, go ahead.”

She was trembling now, her arrogance shattered.

Norah’s expression remained indifferent. “You’re not really sorry.”

The woman’s face paled. “H-how can I prove it? What do you want me to do?”

Norah smirked. “If you were truly sorry, you’d already know.”

She eyed the woman critically. “Tell me, who are you? Baimo’s fiancée?”

The woman’s breath hitched. Her lips parted, but no words came out.

The clown’s sharp gaze bore into her. Finally, she bowed her head. “No... I’m not Young Master Baimo’s fiancée. I’m just a steward. Even lower than the clown. I was foolish—I thought if I kept chasing away the women who got close to him, I could... I could...”

“Shut up!”

A furious voice interrupted her from the distance.

Baimo had arrived.

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Baimo’s expression darkened as he strode over. The moment he arrived, the clown understood and immediately pulled the woman away.

Sensing Baimo’s anger, the woman dared not linger. Meanwhile, Norah remained poised, her demeanor as indifferent as a noble white swan.

“Norah, I’m sorry,” Baimo said, his voice filled with self-reproach.

Norah’s tone was detached. “This isn’t your fault. I agreed to come here for Calvin. I made that clear when I arrived. When does your operation begin?”

She preferred to take action rather than remain passive.

“Get some rest today. We move tomorrow. The moment we show up, Calvin won’t be able to resist making a move,” Baimo explained.

It was a strategy to draw him out.

Norah nodded. “Fine. While I’m here, I don’t want any unnecessary disturbances. Also, I overheard someone saying you plan to give me control of the Yi tribe. Is that true?”

She lifted her gaze, her black eyes locking onto Baimo’s, leaving him no room to evade.

Baimo remained silent. He and his father had indeed discussed this, intending to win Norah over through actions rather than words. Yet, someone had carelessly exposed their plan.

Though frustration simmered in Baimo, helplessness weighed heavier. He could never erase what had happened to Norah in the past.

“Norah, it’s been so long. Haven’t we done enough to earn your forgiveness? We didn’t know who you were back then—especially my father. But once he found out, he was determined to make amends. You don’t realize it, but the room you refused to stay in? He built it himself.”

Baimo’s voice was tight with emotion.

Norah, however, remained unmoved. “The past isn’t something I can just erase. And you can’t change what’s already happened.”

“Everyone has a past, Norah. The Yi tribe has changed for the better. Can’t you—?”

“Don’t. Don’t say that,” she interrupted. “It’s not about forgiveness. It’s about the fact that I can’t force myself to accept this. I was raised in the capital. My parents were there. I knew nothing about this past until it came crashing down on me. And Kevin is already dead.”

“Norah.” Baimo grasped her shoulders, his voice dropping into a solemn tone. “I know you’ve been investigating Kevin’s death all these years. You found the truth, didn’t you? It had nothing to do with my father. You’ve seen the efforts we’ve made. You dedicate yourself to being a war correspondent, to helping the wounded, to aiding the poor—why can’t you recognize us?”

Bringing Norah back wasn’t just about Calvin or granting her power—it was about reconnecting her with the past she had tried so hard to ignore.

Norah’s throat tightened as if invisible hands were strangling her, cutting off her breath.

“Why do you keep asking me these things? I came here for a purpose. If you can’t separate the two, then I’ll leave.” She shoved Baimo’s hands off her and turned away.

Who could easily accept that their biological father was a monster?

Baimo claimed Pharaoh had only been obsessed with experimentation, that Calvin had wielded much of the power. But Pharaoh wasn't stupid—he knew what was happening. He had allowed it.

Now, Pharaoh was stepping down, hoping Baimo would transform the Yi people.

Baimo exhaled sharply. "Fine. Get some rest. I won't force you, and I won't let anyone bother you."

He left her in silence.

Later, someone brought Norah an extravagant meal, but she barely glanced at it.

She pulled Cooper close. "You must be hungry. Eat up."

Cooper, a child who had wandered alone for so long, had likely never seen such an array of food. She expected him to dig in, but instead, he hesitated.

Slowly, he picked up a pair of chopsticks and held them out to her, his obsidian-like eyes staring up at her.

Norah smiled and ruffled his hair. "Alright, let's eat together."

—

The next morning.

Since she had to leave, Norah wanted to ensure Cooper was safe. She found the clown.

"I don't want another situation like yesterday. Find someone trustworthy to watch over him."

"Yes, Miss," the clown responded respectfully.

Before leaving, Norah knelt before Cooper, holding his small hands. "This place is different from S Country. Don't wander off. Wait for me, okay? I'll take you with me when I return."

Cooper nodded, watching her go.

Norah met up with Baimo, and together, they walked through the Yi tribe. It was nothing like the war-ravaged land she had seen five years ago. The transformation was striking.

Some villagers recognized Baimo and greeted him. "Young Master Baimo! Is this your fiancée?"

"No," Baimo corrected with a smile. "This is my sister, Julie."

Seeing the simple, genuine smiles on their faces, Norah returned the gesture.

Baimo kept a firm hold on Norah's hand as they walked. "Calvin will show himself. Stay close. Don't let your guard down."

"I know."

But even with all his careful planning, the unexpected happened.

Amidst the crowded streets, chaos erupted. Fire and panic spread like wildfire. The impact sent Norah stumbling, and before she could react, she was separated from Baimo.

Surrounded.

Her heart pounded as several men closed in. Just as she prepared to fight her way out, a figure emerged from the smoke.

A silver mask.

Norah's heart clenched. She reached out, grabbing the man by the collar.

She didn't dare to let hope surface—but she had to know.

The masked man swiftly dispatched her attackers. Then, he gripped her waist. "I'll take you back to Baimo."

His hoarse voice was foreign, so unlike Kevin's once gentle and steady tone.

Yet Norah refused to believe it was a coincidence. They had never met before—had they?

Last time, she had assumed he was just helping Baimo. But now...

Why was he here? And why was he always right in front of her?

In a sudden motion, she wrapped one arm around his waist, her other hand reaching for his mask. Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Kevin... is it you?"